with evidently sharp teeth a good mouth-filling plug which she began composedly to chew, while she restored the roll to its hiding place. Then both sat perfectly silent again, stolidly smoking and chewing, until I repeated my question wliat they wanted, with increased urgency. In what the old woman—probably the mother—mumbled in reply, we detected some-thing resembling the word " cow/' and then, using this discov-ery as a clue, we finally succeeded by many artifices of interro-gation in the way of word-and-sign-language in eliciting the fact that their cow had been stampeded by our fight, and prob-ably had got across Lookout Creek, the opposite bank of which was held by the rebels, and they wanted us to get their cow back for them. With much difficulty and persistent effort we made them understand that if the cow had crossed the creek, it must be given up for lost; but if it was found within our lines, there might be a chance—although a very uncertain one—of their getting it back. Then, without looking at anybody, they gave a grunt, rose up, and, smoking and chewing, vanished in the darkness. Poor creatures! The loss of their cow, no doubt, meant much to them—perhaps the loss of the only comfort of their lives.

In the course of the next morning I saw General Grant for the first time. Unexpectedly he had come over with Gen-eral Thomas to inspect our lines. As his coming had not been announced, his appearance among us was a

surprise, and there was no demonstration, no cheering, among the soldiers, because they did not know that this modest-looking gentleman was the victorious hero of many battles. There was absolutely nothing of the fuss-and-feathers style, nothing of the stage or picture general about him. His head was covered with the regulation black felt hat. He wore a major-general's coat, but it was unbuttoned and unbelted. He fearried no sword. ***On*** Ms